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*"An Independent Newspaper, The Organ of No Clique or Party"*

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# Jobs or Economic Security?

THE mass demonstration at the Legislative Buildings on Monday must have left the members of the House and the public somewhat mystified as to its purpose. Ostensibly it was a lobby seeking some further action by the Province to relieve unemployment. Yet the wording of the prepared questions directed to individual members of the legislature created an impression that the B.C. Federation of Labor was using the unemployment situation as a vehicle for the more forcible presentation of its own submissions on the subject of labor laws in general.

If that was the purpose it does not enhance public respect for the federation. Unemployment at any time, and more especially in a period of inflation, is a terribly serious thing for the workers and families involved. Earnest efforts to relieve this distress are not helped by the introduction of such questions as: "Are you opposed to further restrictive labor legislation?" "Are you opposed to the use of the Civil Defence Act in a labor dispute?" Their merits or otherwise aside, restrictions and use of the CDA to end last year's ferry strike did not cause unemployment; on the contrary it may be argued that both have served to maintain employment.

In front of the buildings the marchers chanted, "We want jobs; why wait till spring?" But among the placards displayed was one which read, "We want jobs at union wages." Surely the demonstrators must realize that it is beyond the power of the provincial government or any government to provide jobs at union wages in all the occupations where unemployment is felt. If by union wages is meant more, more, more money year after year in the production of goods for a shrinking market the situation is beyond the control of government and can be improved only by improving relationships between employers and employees.

In co-operation with the Dominion this Province has done its utmost to restore earning power to those without regular work, but a cure for unemployment as an economic illness is not to be found in the creation of temporary jobs. Painful as it is to those without work, this current unemployment is only the symptom of disease, not the disease itself—which is inflation. There are several causes; and prominent among them are the incessant demands of labor itself, the millions upon millions of dollars of production lost through strikes, the sympathy walkouts and the apparent refusal of labor leaders to pay attention to the fundamental laws of economics.

There have been faults on both sides, but there can be little hope of real and lasting betterment of conditions while labor holds itself up as the blameless victim of oppression when it is rapidly assuming the role of oppressor, and refuses to acknowledge the necessity for restraint.

# Ships but No Terminus

IT looks as though the government is boxing itself in with regard to the proposed Sidney-Mainland ferry. The ships are abuilding but no mainland terminus is yet plotted. The possibility looms that the ships will be ready with no place to go, for no matter what spot is chosen much work will have to be done to make it serviceable.

The confusion arises from argument about where on the mainland to locate the terminus. The latest suggestion is to site it at Point Roberts, which is U.S. territory and would necessitate a fenced corridor to obviate customs barriers. It is not likely that America would agree to handing over part of its territory—that is what it would amount to—and in any case this is not desirable. All kinds of future complications could arise; it would be unwise to base a ferry system on a privilege from another nation, no matter how friendly.

Another disability of Point Roberts is that while it may offer deep water it is exposed to the full sweep of the gulf winds and seas; whereas Boundary Bay offers sheltered docking even at the expense of a long pier over the shallow beach. Another engineering suggestion was to use the White Rock site, where exist the facilities of an established community which could be expanded. An objection voiced to this is that it would add perhaps 10 miles to the water route as compared to Boundary Bay, but at least deeper water is closer to shore at White Rock. The problem is a difficult one because all of the Boundary Bay - White Rock waters are shallow inshore. It may be that the mainland ferry site will have to be based at Steveston.

A decision will have to be made soon, however, else the ships will be built before there is a terminus to which to sail. And the decision should ensure that the B.C. ferry stays within the boundaries of B.C.

# From a Grateful Community

WHEN Lieutenant-Governor the Hon. Frank M. Ross is made a Freeman of Victoria City at the city hall ceremony this afternoon he will receive the highest honor that British Columbia's capital has in its power to bestow by statute and for life. More than that, His Honor and Mrs. Ross equally will be included in the gesture in recognition of their warmth of heart and deep understanding in carrying out not only the vice-regal duties at Government House but also the many community obligations which such office entails. No stilted phrase or single civic ordinance confines this presentation: it will be a sincere and lifelong expression of gratitude from the community and everyone in it.

British Columbia has been fortunate in its choice of incumbents at Government House through the years, but one does not know of another instance in which a first citizen and his good lady became more quickly or more thoroughly admired, respected and beloved by all within the environs of Victoria. Whether entertaining Royalty on the most formal state occasion, or the children at the orphanage at a Christmas party, His Honor and Mrs. Ross have been ideal hosts. The abiding thanks of the whole community for such unstinted giving of themselves will not only be the freedom of Victoria but also a hearty welcome, forever, in every home in it.

*Interpreting the News*

# Red China Uses Weight

By PHIL NEWSOM
UPI Foreign News Editor

IN the long run it seems inevitable that Red Chinese and Soviet Russian interests must conflict. Some differences already are working, but for the short term there is no reason to believe there has been any weakening of the Moscow-Peiping axis. Each remains too dependent upon the other.

Red Chinese Premier Chou En-Lai voiced the party line when he told the 21st Communist Congress in Moscow:

"The Soviet Union and China share a common fate and joint interests. Their friendship is eternal and unbreakable."

Yet even in the last 10 years profound changes have occurred in relationships between the two. The greatest is the fact that in that time Red China has emerged from the status of weak satellite of the Soviet Union to full partnership.

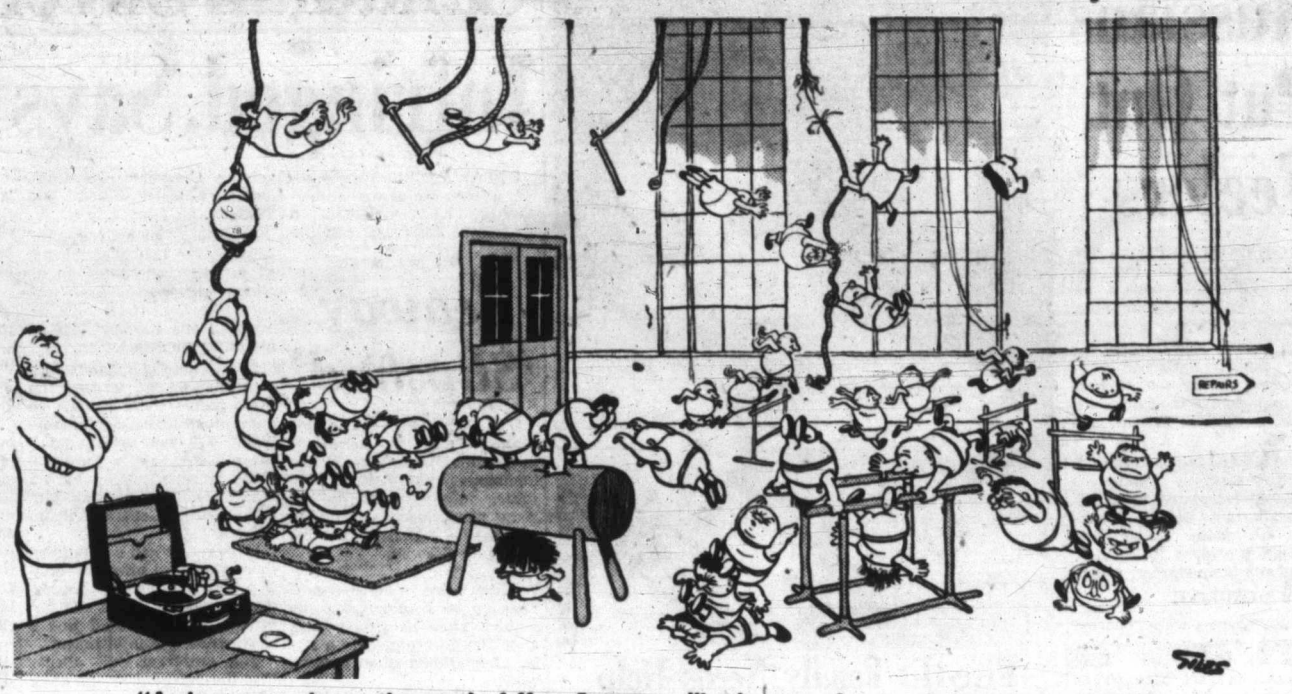
That change in status has enabled the Red Chinese to exert great influence on Kremlin policy decisions, at times apparently even possessing the power to force Soviet premier Khrushchev to reverse himself.

There are several notable examples. In 1956-57, it was the Chinese party leader, Mao Tse Tung, who encouraged Wladislaw Gomulka to take a more independent line in Poland and forced Khrushchev to swallow his own dislike for the Polish leader.

Last summer, Khrushchev brought every pressure to bear to bring about a summit conference among the United States, Britain, France and Russia. But after a hurry-up, secret trip to Peiping, Khrushchev abruptly reversed his stand.

Khrushchev has made no secret of his dislike for the Red Chinese commune plan which has engulfed some 500 million Chinese in a gigantic push to speed agricultural and industrial production.

## The British Scene... by Giles



**"An hour every day to the speed of Moto Perpetue will take care of some of these extra pounds."**

British school children are tending to become too fat, according to the Chief Medical Officer of the Ministry of Education.

# Thinking Aloud

". . . of shoes—and ships—and sealing wax—of cabbages and kings."

By TOM TAYLOR

IT is appropriate and perhaps also inevitable that the Burns bi-centenary should bring to light links with the poet hitherto hidden. Mention was made here recently of a Kilmarnock first edition found by a schoolboy in his home near Dumfries, and in the Colonist last Sunday there was a picture of a snuff box once used by Burns and now belonging to Mr. Alec McCloy of this city.

The snuff box is before me as I write. As would be expected it is a small container, approximately 2½ inches by 1½ by ¾, just the right size for slipping into a vest pocket. It is in remarkably good condition for its age, and must be very much as it was when the poet carried it around. The tree from which it came, growing in the kirkyard nearby the New Gardens, as William Burnes called the property now known as Burns' Cottage, was probably a plane tree.

* * *

This relic of Burns was made by a cabinet maker of Ayr named Tait, who also fashioned a famous armchair from the rafters of the old Alloway kirk according to the design of David Auld of Doonbrae. It has brass panels depicting scenes from "Tam o' Shanter," designed by one of the founders of the Royal Scottish Academy, a Mr. Stevens. The chair was given to King George IV when he visited Scotland in 1822, and remained in Windsor Castle for over a century. Under the aegis of the late Queen Mary it was transferred to Holyroodhouse in Edinburgh, where it now is.

These particulars I learn from Mr. McCloy, into whose family the Burns snuff box came when the poet had thoughts about emigrating to Jamaica, a journey which fortunately never took place.

Mr. McCloy is a former appraiser and auctioneer of antiques and it is a happy circumstance that the snuff box should be in the hands of one of his understanding. He has some interesting recollections of other relics of the poet which grew in value through the magic of his name.

Some 55 years ago he himself sold at auction in Glasgow a stoneware bowl used by the Masonic Lodge of Ellisland, Ayr, of which Burns was deputy grand master. Originally a simple sixpenny bowl, the symbolic painting on it and the Burns connection made it worth $200 to the man who bought it, a Mr. Thompson who owned the "Hole in the Wa'" tavern at Dumfries, where presumably the bowl still reposes.

* * *

Mr. McCloy recalls other notable sales of this ilk. Some years ago a silver snuff box—perhaps the poet used this one on Sundays—turned up at Sotheby's in London, which had a loose inside bottom with the inscription "Presented to Robert Burns by his friend and admirer Lord Glencairn." Lord Dewar purchased the box, only to have a dealer ask him afterwards why he gave such a price for it as he, the dealer, only wanted it for the old Edward coin on the lid! There are always Phillistines around, you see.

Some hint of the prices which Burnsian relics fetch was given in this space recently, and Mr. McCloy tells me that the highest sum ever paid for a Kilmarnock first edition of the poems was $22,500 by a U.S. collector, the bid reaching this figure because on the flyleaf was an original poem in Burns' handwriting and signed by him. The most recent sale of a first edition, belonging to the Marquis of Bute and rebound in morocco, realized $800.

Nearer to home, the original manuscript of "Auld Lang Syne" was purchased for £1,500 by Mr. Robert Fiddes of Vancouver and given by him to the Burns Cottage Museum. Mr. McCloy's snuff box, therefore, has vintage quality.

*Letter from London*

# Election Climate Favors Tories

By RICHARD L. THOMAS

IT may be unkind to emphasize it, but signs are not lacking that this is election year. The Conservatives put it another way—that it is fortuitous that economic conditions are buoyant, that the pound is strong, that Cyprus is less troublesome, that Malta is still quiet, that Russia seems just a tiny little bit more accommodating and that fundamentally, Britain is booming.

Do not be misled about troubles in the coalfields. It is true that the National Coal Board, the picnic over, is in trouble. It is true that pits are being closed down and that miners are being sacked. But most of this is taking place in solid socialist seats anyway. Resentment may increase the socialist majority but it is unlikely to affect many, if any Conservatives. And even the socialists are not over-optimistic about it.

The facts of life can be twisted politically but rarely altered. It has been tried, of course. Queen Elizabeth I made it compulsory to be buried in a woollen shroud to help the wool industry, but it seems hardly likely that labor will go on the hustings advocating the demodernization of the railways so that steam locomotives replace electric traction and diesel locomotives. It seems impracticable to suggest that the proletariat should turn in their electric heating (which within a decade is likely to be all supplied by atoms!) or start a campaign to extol the virtue of coal fires, solid fuel boilers and so on when almost everyone is turning to gas or oil. And it would be a major problem to get British shipping back to coal.

* * *

The simple fact is that for years British mining depended upon ships, railways, factories and homes for consumption of coal. Today virtually no coal is consumed by ships, ever-decreasing quantities by railways, and most factories are using oil or electricity for power and heating. Home consumption is declining sharply.

So, what at first sight seems to be an awkward election predicament, is not in fact so awkward. The miners are a pretty intelligent crowd anyway, and they recognize that there is not much the socialists can do about it. It is one of those things which are tough on the individuals concerned, but not of great consequence in the national economy. It is part of the changing pattern of life. If airlines closed down tomorrow there would be hundreds of thousands out of work—yet how many people only 50 years ago would have imagined it possible that that frail contraption the flying machine would be one of the world's major industries?

Indeed life is changing so quickly that some people cannot keep up with it—and the same goes for death, too. All the boys who have been so worried about the atom bomb and its destructive influence have now got something else to think about. The atom family, it seems, is only an amateur at the killing game. Scientists have now developed a strain of wogs so potent that to touch where they have been, to breathe the air, means death within six hours. Half a pound of concentrated wogs is enough to wipe out the population of the world—and it is thoroughly reliable stuff because the plague area is free again within 24 hours with no risk of contamination. It seems that there is nothing very expensive about wog making (compared with atomic weapons) and the effects are less messy.

* * *

So what with wogs and atoms it seems that we have reached a stage in human progress when there is no compromise between life and death. You choose one or the other — and what you choose for the other fellow goes for you too. And politically it means that the socialists will find it difficult to attack the government on such things as having American atomic weapons stationed in this country ("an incitement to Russia") when we have our own supply of bacteria far more potent in dealing death to the multitude. It seems fairly obvious to most of us that atoms and germs between them are ruling out violence as a means to international ends. We have just got to be sensible and behave like grown-ups.

The main virtue in bacteriological defence (i.e., the threat of wog attack) is that it is so much cheaper. It makes it much more sensible to concentrate atomic development on peaceful uses, and it greatly reduces expenditure. This is a factor likely to be reflected in the election budget. It is freely predicted that there will be slashing taxation reductions, a boost in pensions and that everyone will be encouraged to feel happier about life. It will boost consumption, possibly to the point where miners can be absorbed in other industries, and it is most likely to detract from any socialist pleas for power to impose controls. A nation having a good time is likely to leave things well alone—in the same way that company shareholders do not sack the directorate when the company is paying fat dividends.

* * *

This does not mean that there will be a Conservative walk-over.

The oracles skilled in predicting election results believe that the government may lose some seats—but on the other hand if Mr. Macmillan is able to bring off a deal with Russia the position would be radically changed. Marginal voters have been attracted by such ungovernmental charity as increased grants to the arts, a serious attempt to overcome road congestion and an obvious consideration for the still underprivileged minorities trying to survive on pre-welfare state pensions. It seems likely that the Suez breach will have been healed before the election and with Nasser less truculent things may be quieter in the Middle East.

But all things considered election year has dawned with a beautiful morning with everything going Macmillan's way. It can always cloud over, and even those who have been arguing that Mr. Macmillan has been trotting along too readily with President Eisenhower have been reassured by the American decision to reject the generator tender even though it is 19 per cent lower than the local effort. It suggests that the placid Mac may yet indicate that two can play this inverted form of "free trade" by cutting down on American imports.

And when will it be? No one knows. The oracles favor October.

*The Male Influence*

# Demise of the Chemise

(From The Portland Oregonian)

LAST year, when the chemise dress appeared to be receiving wide acceptance from the women folk, in spite of loud outcries from husbands and boy friends, we came to the reluctant conclusion that men don't count where feminine fashions are concerned. The ladies dress to impress other members of their sex, rather than to please the males, we said.

But now that the chemise has faded from the fashion picture even faster than the New Look—remember it?—the men of America are receiving credit for its quick demise. A story from New York the other day said dresses this spring will be back to normal, with waistlines where they should be or only slightly higher. Chemises and trapezes are definitely out.

"All these tidings of joy, it seems, are largely the result of mass male protest against the grotesque fashions of the last few seasons," reported the Associated Press. "When husbands refuse to foot the bills for a new wardrobe, women don't buy. It's as simple as that. And it was the furious roar of husbands from coast to coast that blasted the sack dress into oblivion, wilted the trapeze and made it clear that modern men do not want their wives or sweethearts to look like Empress Josephine, no matter how fascinating that royal lady may have been in her day."

Our original conclusion is not entirely shattered, however. The ladies didn't go back to the natural look to please their men, only because husbands refused to pay for the outrageous sacks. And this, too, is news, that enough American husbands still have control over the family cheque to affect the trend of fashion.

# The Packsack

By GREGORY CLARK

WHEN, in a far and lonely region of the north country, you see a Ph.D armed with the latest 30.06 Winchester with telescopic 4-power sight coolly and scientifically shooting top branches off 100-foot-high white pine trees, you might figure that somebody is daft.

But no. It is the latest procedure in advanced forestry.

For centuries now we have been selecting the best sires and the best dams in breeding horses, cattle, all forms of livestock. It is now realized that to breed the best trees, you have to select the seed from the finest sire, even if it is a pine.

From the tallest, straightest, most vigorous pines they select scions, which are branches bearing cones usually at the very top of the great tree. To get these scions, the tree would have to be felled, which is like killing the goose that lays the golden egg. So, with high-power rifles, telescope sights and soft-nosed bullets, these foresters shoot, in the frost of mid-winter, the selected branches as much as three inches in diameter, and usually with one shot.

The branch flies free and falls. Frozen, it is shipped to the nurseries far south where the twigs called scions are grafted onto nursery stock. And in due time they are producing seed from the choicest strains of the forest.

In preserving and restoring its priceless forests, Canada is no longer fooling.

# With the Classics

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O Sleep! O gentle Sleep!
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee.
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody?

—SHAKESPEARE.